

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Here's Beauteous Bevy Hailing P.O. Tel. Bill McHugh

If they labelled Petty Officer Telegraphist William H. McHugh the luckiest man in the Submarine Service, they wouldn't be far wrong. And why? Well, boys, it's this way. Your old pal Hughie has the bonniest bevy of beauties at his home that it's been our good fortune to see.

Take them in this order. First, there's his dark-haired, smiling wife, Doris. They'd been married three weeks when we called with "Good Morning" Cameraman Tommy Walters, and the magic of the wedding and the honeymoon made her positively radiant.

Then there's sister Frances. And what a good-looking sister Jose is, too. But then, with such a handsome Mum and Dad, how could things be otherwise?

Petty Officer William McHugh need never wish for pin-up girls when he's got all that any man could wish for at home. No, sir!

Now how about a bit of home news? We were asking a man on a bike where the McHughs lived, and we were rather surprised when he turned out to be Pop McHugh himself. Naturally, the family gave us a big hand then, and we joined in a sing-song with "baby" sister Jean leading us on the piano.

The chorus—in case you're interested—was "Roll out the Barrel," but as Jean had only been learning to play for

some months, we didn't expect the "Warsaw Concerto." Incidentally, Jose is doing her war work at the Co-op. now.

Frances—to use an Americanism—has just gotten herself a boy friend—none other than Sergeant Henry Lowe, of the United States Army. Sgt. Lowe hails from Ohio, and he seems a regular guy to us. As Frances has been taking him home regularly every night for three weeks, it looks as if wedding bells will be ringing again before much longer. You must have set the family a good example, Bill.

Your family sure has a war record to be proud of. What with four sons at sea, and another in Italy, it's not a bad record, is it? Maurice, Dennis and "Boy" all send their best wishes, and Dennis was due home for leave shortly after we called, so there must have been some fun in the old homestead.

The main message that the folk sent just doesn't make sense, but no doubt you'll understand. "Tell him we've got him some Dinkies," they all chorused, "and for goodness sake tell him to GET HIS HAIR CUT." So now you know, Bill. Gordon Smith called in while we were at 57 Shetland Road, Leicester, and he says, "Keep the old pecker up, chum!"

And, of course, all at home send their fondest love. Good Hunting!

AFTER the war, thousands of radio scientists, engineers and manufacturers will be released from radiolocation and R.A.F., Army and Navy Signals.

And they will apply to peace-time needs the remarkable war services and secret developments of this most widely exploited of the sciences.

Many radiolocation experts will remain fully employed in that sphere, working to ensure complete safety on the civil air routes. With the "magic eye," whose powers they know so well, operators will from the ground follow air liners in transit.

If these stray from their course, they'll be steered back by radio telephone; after forced landings in fog or heavy weather, their precise location in relation to the nearest aerodrome will be wirelessed.

No longer will ocean liners have to grope through fog, apprehensive of icebergs or other craft, for already nearing the blueprint stage is a grid of magnetic observatories and control stations that will girdle the earth, to steer air and sea craft through most difficulties to safety.

And scores of valuable ideas lie locked in the Patents Office awaiting the day when they can be applied commercially.

Vital to aircraft is the altimeter. But of even greater benefit to swift air transport of the future, taking direct routes over difficult country, will be the terrain clearance indicator, a radio-echo device which determines actual height above any obstruction.

From a diminutive antenna under the plane's right wing a low-power transmitter emits a non-stop radio wave, which is picked up by a companion antenna under the other wing, along with its echo from the ground. By touching a switch the pilot can at once estimate from a dial his clearance of mountain peaks, and even buildings.

Several notabilities, who can back up anything they

Big Peace Time Job for RADIO POWER

Report by
Capt. Martin
Thornhill, M.C.

needs, are likely to give place to a robot mechanism which is the result of intensive research into the science of sound.

Already the robot is achieving almost everything that is expected of it. A little more, and, by the simple turn of the appropriate knob, it will simulate any speaking or singing voice, character part, bird or beast. Imagine the revolutionary effect this is going to have on radio broadcasts of the near future.

Plans have already been made to allot special wavelengths, as soon as these can be spared, for urgent messages to important people like doctors and policemen, who would pick up the calls on midget receivers carried in pocket or hat. The idea evolves from the lightweight set with which a paratrooper talks to a comrade or Commando who has landed two or three miles away.

Many, in fact, are the peace-time roles that will be filled by war's little radio sets carried from place to place. Women should benefit. A microphone attached to a baby's crib or pram would enable the child's cries to be picked up on a portable receiver by its parent in shop or sitting-room.

Traffic will be controlled by radio beams, rail accidents reduced to a minimum by the installation of radio telephones on trains.

Nearly all these are virtual peace-time certainties. The radio industry also believes that within a few years half the homes of Britain will be enjoying armchair views of "movies" direct from the film studios of Hollywood and Elstree.

Radio science has made some astounding discoveries along the road to remote control and power transmission. There are unceasing experiments in remote radio control of lighting—and unlighting; starting, steering, as well as immobilising cars, small ships and aircraft, propelling and firing guns; these and more have all shown some progress from modest distances.

To what degree cannot be divulged—yet. But even the few facts disclosed afford some clue to the immense influence which the progress made is bound to exert on radio, travel, and industry of the future.

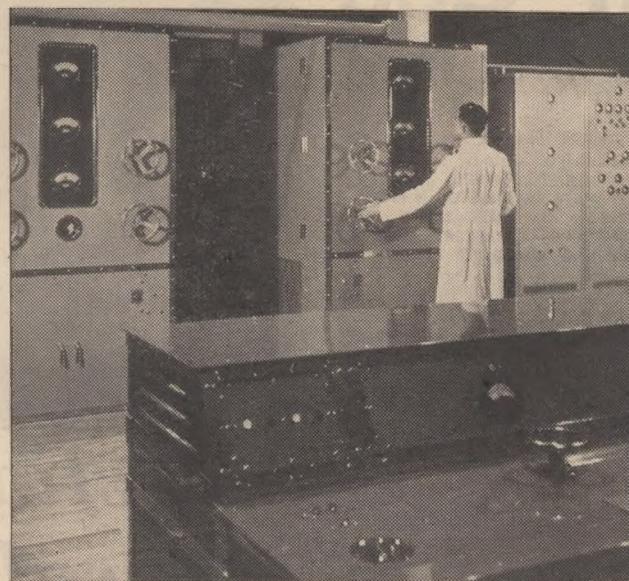
As the aeroplane stepped, fully fledged, out of the last war, so radio remote control and power transmission seem certain to emerge, at least adolescent, from this one.

The truly humble man, after being reproached, even wrongfully, maintains himself serenely, because his heart is fixed in God.

You cannot, therefore, make any real progress in virtue until you have recognised—not your neighbour's—but your own faults.

OFTEN remember the proverb: The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear filled with hearing.

Study, therefore, to withdraw your heart from the fascination of outward things and to turn yourself to things invisible. For that way lies peace and grace and happiness.



Your Criticism and Ideas about Good Morning are welcome—and necessary. Write to "G.M." c/o Press Division Admiralty London, S.W.1

...and Sunday Thoughts

Your honour is not to be based either on religion or policy. Both your religion and policy must be based on it. Your honesty must be based, as the sun is, in vacant heaven; poised, as the lights in the firmament, which have rule over the day and over the night. Ruskin.

I must plough my furrow alone. Lord Rosebery (1847-1929).

Beloved, it is morn! A redder berry on the thorn, A deeper yellow on the corn, For this good day newborn: Pray, Sweet, for me, That I may be Faithful to God and thee. Emily H. Hickey (1845-1924).

And all your fortune lies beneath your hat. John Oldham (1653-1683).

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

By THOMAS À KEMPIS

IT is not hard to despise all human comfort, when we have divine.

But it is much—very much—to be able to bear the want of all comfort, both human and divine; and to be willing to bear this interior banishment for God's glory, and to seek one's self in nothing, nor to think of one's own merit.

We willingly would have something to comfort us. And it is with difficulty that a man can throw off his own defects, in spite of the loss of comfort.

But, take it not to heart when you are forsaken by a friend, knowing that God, though He seems to withdraw Himself sometimes, is always your true friend.

A man must go through a long and strenuous conflict in himself before he can learn fully to overcome himself and to draw his whole affection towards God.

And remember that a true lover of God and a diligent pursuer of virtue does not hunt after comforts, but rather is willing to bear strong trials and hard work for the sake of Christ.

And when God gives you spiritual comfort, receive it thankfully, but without conceit. Be more humble because of this gift from God His secrets.

and more cautious in your actions; for this hour will pass away and temptation will follow.

And when comfort is taken away from you, do not despair. Wait with patience; for God is able to restore all things.

This variation in the strength of God's comfort is no new thing; all good men have known it.

TAKE no great account of who is for you or who against you; but let it be your business in all things that God be with you in all you do.

Keep a good conscience and God will defend you.

For he whom God helps, no man's malice can hurt.

God knows the time and manner; it belongs to God to help and deliver us from all confusion.

Remember that when a man recognises his own defects, he the more easily satisfies those who may be annoyed with him.

The truly humble man God protects and delivers; to the humble He loves and comforts; to the humble He inclines Himself; to the humble man He gives grace, and after he has been depressed He raises him to glory.

To the humble He reveals His secrets.

Robin Was Pagan God

(Declares J. S. Newcombe)

IN a wood near Greenwich, on May Day of the year 1515, King Henry VIII and his courtiers stood in easy attitudes waiting a cue from the pageant-master. They were dressed in Lincoln green and wore partridge feathers in their soft hats.

King Hal carried a bow, a box of arrows slung on his hip, while his companions rested on staves.

The cue came. The company sprang suddenly into activity, making for the shelter of trees. Alone in the clearing, the King selected an arrow from the holder, lifted the bow and took deliberate aim.

Twang! The arrow sped between the bright green branches and came to rest in a strip of roadway in the near distance, quivering for a moment like a reed caught by a passing breeze.

This was "the game and play of Robin Hood," a dramatic interlude in the career of the outlaw of Sherwood Forest. The fat-bellied King, though singularly unlike the traditional figure of Robin, was playing the rôle of hero.

The civic heads of Edinburgh tried to suppress Robin Hood's Day in 1561, on the ground that its rites were heathen in character.

So infuriated were the burgesses, they threatened to tear the magistrates to pieces, compelling them to seek asylum in their own jails.

But the magistrates were right. Robin Hood's Day was a pagan festival.

The truth is that the bandit of Sherwood, the patron saint of every British schoolboy, never really existed.

Legend says he was the Earl of Huntingdon. He was said to have lived from the middle of the 12th century to early in the 13th.

But from 1185 to 1216 the earldom was held in feudal fief from the English Crown by Prince David of Scotland, brother of King William the Lion.

Down the length of England there are hills, crosses and wells that bear the name of Robin Hood. There's a Robin's Hill near Gloucester,

a Robin Hood's Bay on the Yorkshire coast, and some rocks at Birchover, in Derbyshire, are called Robin Hood's Stride. In Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Somerset and in Scotland we come across the name.

It's hardly likely that a local hero living in Sherwood Forest would have had his name perpetuated in places so distant, or that ceremonies associated with him would have spread north as far as Aberdeen and south to Cornwall.

The name of Robin Hood is intriguing. Some antiquaries believe "Hood" to be a corruption of "Odin," the great Norse deity. Others think the word refers to a hood worn by the hero, similar to the magic caps sported by goblins and fairies.

Maid Marian is Maid May, the maid or spirit of Maytime, familiar to us these days as May Queen.

The Lincoln green worn by Robin and his men was the faeries' garb and colour. The faeries, of course, practised archery.

Idентified with Robin Hood is the "Green Man," found on the corbel-stone of arches in many an English church, and on tavern signboards. In the church carvings, the Green Man had hair and beard resembling foliage or greenery.

In the stories of Robin's death can be detected strong primitive influences. It is said he died in a nunnery at Kirkley, between Wakefield and Halifax, and was buried underneath a great stone or cromlech within a grove of trees.

It was a commonplace of pagan belief that these stones travelled by night, without human agency, and returned before sunrise.

Bluff King Hal and his courtiers certainly believed that the outlaw of Sherwood, whose exploits they aped in the wood near Greenwich, was once a flesh-and-blood man like themselves.

In those days to cast doubt on Robin's authenticity, would have met with a hot reception.



Celestial Salvoes will herald cease fire

Says
John Fleetwood

BRICK'S, munition makers and producers of secret war weapons, but, as most of us like to think of them, the people who make the fireworks, are planning the peace celebrations.

And they're going to be a great show, putting the famous old Crystal Palace pyrotechnics right in the shade.

Brock's were responsible for many of India's stirring fireworks displays. Yet it was the Orientals who introduced pyrotechnics to us, not we to them. They had been going strong in the East long before Richard the Lion Heart's Crusaders brought them back to Europe. Then Berthold Schwartz, a 12th century German monk, fired a bullet with a quantity of firework mixture which he called gunpowder. And so the fun began.

How Guy Fawkes Day was celebrated before 1866 the story books don't tell us. For though fireworks had then been known in Europe for some 600 years, until that date their manufacture was illegal.

All the same, there was a thriving trade done in the forbidden goods for a century and a half before firework-making was officially pronounced legal.

Since then the chief use

found for fireworks in the

Normally, fireworks are simple enough concoctions—just a cardboard case filled with a combustible composition, with a fuse attached for lighting.

Hardly any machinery is used in their manufacture, most of the work being done by hand, girls making the smaller types and men the larger and more dangerous pieces.

In India, fireworks are even used at religious functions; at one of that country's greatest religious festivals, in which almost everybody takes part, fireworks and bonfires take the stage as the grand climax of the day's celebrations.

The Japanese prefer to hold their chief festivals by night, and with the surroundings dimly lit by coloured paper lanterns, brilliant firework displays illuminate the skies, adding to the festivities the noise and glitter beloved by every true Oriental.

But of all people the greatest devotees of the fireworks displays are the Chinese. So strong is the fascination of rockets and crackers that John Chinaman uses them on every possible occasion. Invested with power over evil spirits, crackers are the trusted agents for expulsion of evil genii who may venture into houses and shops.

More importantly, fireworks function as signal lights, pathfinder flares. In World War I the Brock out-

Sing These Words

HERE is another sample of words which fit your favourite tunes. Sheets of words and music are being distributed at various places where you can make use of them.

THE RHYTHM OF THE JEEP.

By courtesy of Keith Prowse and Co. Words by Vera Baron, Music by Frank Baron. Jeep, Jeep, that's what they call it.

Just needs a G.I. to hold it, Bouncing over road and lane, Driving this tune round my brain.

Chorus:

Have you ever tried the Rhythm of the Jeep? It's a gallop and a wriggle, not a creep.

You must find a lease-and-lender Who is just a solid sender, But be careful you don't end up in a heap.

When you hear a rattle and a little hoot, Then it's time for you to shake a dainty boot.

All the Rookies will be leaping, And the Sergeant-Major weeping, When they get the Rhythm of the Jeep.

You bend your knees and then you boogie To your partner with a Beep, beep, beep, beep.

You cuddle up, but you had better watch Your drivin', 'cause you're takin' a ride in a Jeep.

Jack and Jill no longer linger on a hill, Nowadays they're Susy-queueing with a will.

At the Palais you will find them With the gang all there behind them, Jiving to that Rhythm of the Jeep.

fit made the fuses and detonators for 20,000,000 Mills bombs, not one of which, claims the firm, misfired.

A son of the recent head of the company was the inventor of the Brock bullet, which started a useful tour of duty by accounting for several Zeppelins.

The same man originated the Dover Flare, used against U-boats, and the type of smoke screen that was first employed in the attack on Zeebrugge Mole, where he himself lost his life.

Normally, pyrotechnics are more popular in Britain than anywhere else, brilliant displays marking all the big national events—a coronation, birth of an heir to the throne, signing of a peace treaty, at Navy and Regatta Weeks, fetes and wakes.

The Great National Peace Display staged in Hyde Park, London, in 1919, was the most spectacular the world has ever seen.

"We have," says Mr. Davis, of Brock's, "gained experience in this war which will be of great value to us for the shows we mean to stage after it is all over."

So even the Hyde Park event is likely to be well eclipsed by the celestial salvoes that will greet the next Cease Fire.

Sunday Thoughts

Here of a Sunday morning My love and I would lie, And see the coloured coun-

ties And hear the larks so high About us in the sky.

A. E. Housman.

Were angels to write, I fancy we should have but few Folios.

Rev. John Norris

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand And guard and bless our fatherland.

William How (1823-1897).



Rainy-day job at the farm is cider-tasting, and here is how they used to do it in simpler times. Country folk were particular about the condition of their cider—still are.

By Fred Kitchen

though remarking on the heat and the pleasant shade of the crab tree pond.

There were half-a-dozen linnets, a chaffinch, a pair of thrushes, and—standing a little way apart from the rest—a cock blackie.

He looked a most draggled-tailed specimen. His wings drooped, and he stood with his beak apart, panting with the heat.

"Blackies are soon bowled over this weather," commented Jesse, "though they're bigger and stronger than most birds. I've noticed afore how hot weather makes 'em flag sooner than the smaller birds."

Just then the blackie gave a listless hop toward the small patch of cooling mud. Immediately the linnets set upon him, and—without offering in the least to defend himself—the exhausted blackie retreated with a feeble "squawk."

Jesse picked him up, and though the other birds quickly flew off at his approach, the poor blackie never offered to escape with them.

"He's about done for!" said Jesse, holding the bird out on the palm of his hand.

"Gie 'un a drink, Jesse!" suggested Bill, the horseman, "it might revive 'un!"

And so, rather clumsily, the man let a drop of water trickle out of a pint bottle down the bird's throat.

It had a double effect. First, the blackie nearly choked with the administration; then, quickly recovering, gave a little gurgle and shook his head—which had received most of the water.

"E's comin' rarned!" said Bill, and splashed more water over the bird's feathers.

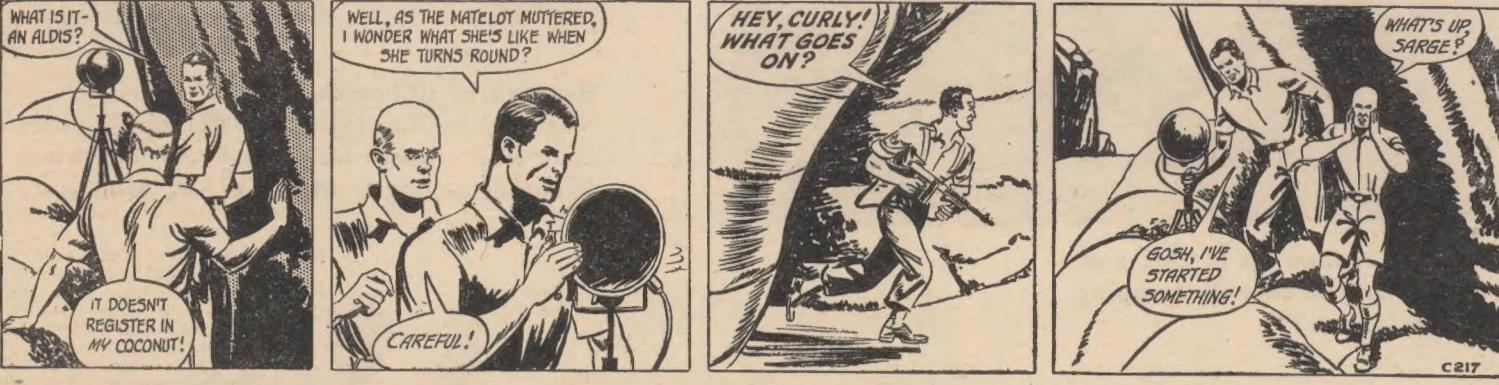
The effect was magical; the bird gave a shrill squeak, and shot out of Jesse's hand like an arrow.

The men went back to their hoeing, laughing at the blackie's sudden transformation; and they were even more elated when they again returned to that end of the field.

They found the blackie "lording it" over that cool patch of mud, while just within the circle of shade was a ring of linnets—greatly daring, but afraid to come near the recuperated blackbird.

"Such is life," commented Jesse, as they watched the arrogant blackie cooling his feet and emitting threatening gurgles at his former tormentors.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

THE newly formed Inter-Allied Philatelic Fellowship, to which I referred recently, widened its scope at the first meeting to set up a draft constitution by adopting the title of International Philatelic Association.

Now the Association has recruited members from British collectors and philatelists of Allied countries, but the constitution allows for the inclusion of philatelists everywhere when peace comes again.

The benefits to be reaped from a truly international association are obvious. When national societies contact each other through a central secretariat in London, exchange of new issues, first day covers, miniature sheets, and information, will be facilitated.

Specialists in the stamps of any country belonging to the Association will be better and more quickly served than in the past.

Plans were approved at the meeting for sectional exchange packets. These will represent specialised fields of interest, such as British Empire, foreign countries, air mails, stationery, commemorative postmarks, and other items.

A green postmark used by the Czechoslovak Field Post Office in Great Britain on July 2 to commemorate the Battle of Zborov, reached members through the Association.

The secretary is Mr. J. Tauber, c/o Keens, Shay, Keens and Co., Bilbao House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.2, who'll be glad to send any details you want about joining.

Among new issues promised for the near future, I like a special Zanzibar set commemorating the bi-centenary of the Al-Busaid dynasty. The design will show a map of East Africa, on which is imposed an ocean-going dhow, values in English and Arabic characters, with Al-Busaid Dynasty 1744-1944 in the vignette.



The face value of the set is under 2s., and I think a big demand will be made for it. I don't know the date of issue, and I understand no notice will be given until it is actually on sale.

From London, the Netherlands Government have released a set of nine values, four designs illustrating Holland's part in the war, and the remaining five carrying a portrait of Queen Wilhelmina, flanked by the escutcheon of the House of Nassau.

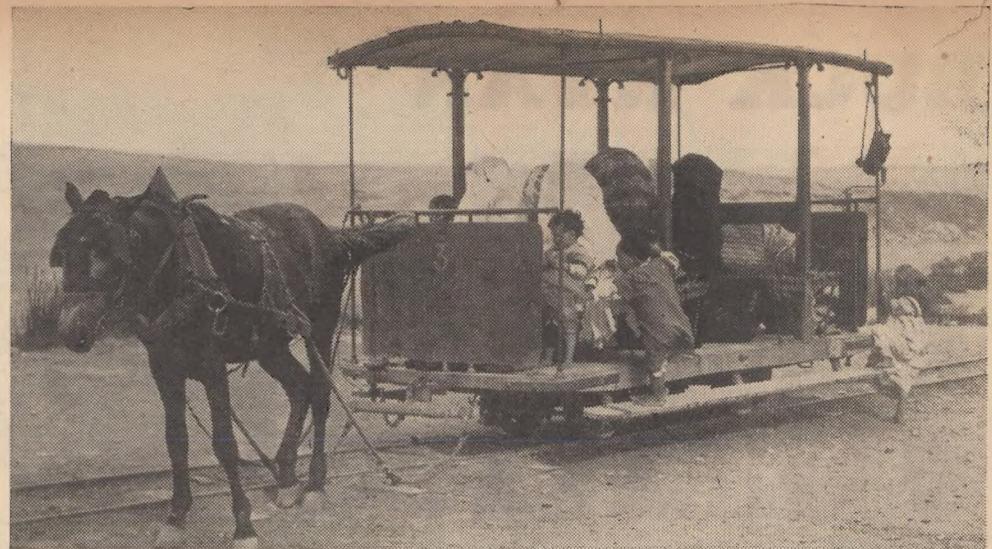
Holders of Coronation stamps will be pleased to hear that these continue to rise steadily in the market. It was not so long ago when you could get no more than face for them. Now they fetch 50 per cent. over face, and look like appreciating still more.

Vichy France keeps up the traditional excellence of stamp design in that country with a charity set of six stamps depicting 18th century types of feminine attire of the French Provinces. I reproduce two here. The Petain stamp celebrated the Marshal's 88th birthday on April 24 last.

The Croatia stamp commemorates the Axis amalgamation against Bolshevism. The design shows German, Croatian, Italian and Japanese soldiers over the Coats of Arms of the first three countries.



Good Morning



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A wedding in Paris on a bicycle made for three, two of whom needn't bother riding. To the driver it is obviously a matter of money via cicycle matrimony.

Seems like what guys call a "one-horse" town, with the one horse being the big attraction of all the townies.



Travel Trickery Wheels within Wheels



Because of ill-health, Karl Lindauer chose fresh air by dog trail, and did 25,000 miles that way. Guess he's the lucky dog when it comes to dog friends. What think you?



"And when we are loaded up in this one, Mummy, do we fill up the second shopping cicycle, too?"



"And his mother went too," but as they are penniless, Edward Smith decided to footslog the 200 miles to Detroit in search of work. Sounds as though the guy had enough work to do without looking for it.

Maybe the Zulu car looks workable. Maybe it IS ; but surely only when running down hill or sinking down deep water. Bet those chaps are only playing "let's pretendia," so why should we worry?